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IN MEMORIAM.

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NEW YORK, May 4th, 1865.

Rev. and Dear Sir:—

We, the undersigned members of SAINT THOMAS' CHURCH, desiring to preserve a valuable memento of the solemn services held in our church, in memory of our honored and lamented late President, respectfully urge you to consent to the publication of the sermons which you delivered, on the occasions to which we refer, in such form as may also suitably include the music and special prayers then used.

We are confident that we represent the earnest wishes of the large assemblies who listened to the discourses, and took part in the sad ceremonies, when we solicit the above favor.

We are, dear Sir,

With esteem and regard,

Yours faithfully,

JNO. S. WILLIAMS,

JAMES FILOR,

GEORGE E. BIDDLE,

R. ARNOLD,

JNO. S. LYLE,

GEORGE KEMP,

JOHN B. THOMPSON,

GEORGE C. COLLINS,

JOHN T. LORD,

B. C. MORRIS,

WM. A. POND,

B. H. MARTIN,

DAN'L T. HOAG,

HENRY COGGILL,

D. H. LAWRENCE,

GEORGE BELL,

WILLIAM B. BEND.

Rev. Dr. Morgan,

Rector of St. Thomas' Church.

ST. THOMAS' VESTRY, N. Y., May 13, 1865.

Gentlemen :—

I have received your communication, and cordially respond to your request. The sermons, written, as some of you know, with the utmost haste, have little merit, except as they embody and give expression to the horror and bitter grief which the assassination of our noble President instantly awoke. But I like the idea of a Memorial Pamphlet which shall preserve the memory of our love for the illustrious dead, and the record of our religious acts on the occasion of his funeral. I will place the manuscripts, order of services, &c., in your hands at an early day.

Believe me, gentlemen,

With affectionate regard,

Your friend and pastor,

WILLIAM F. MORGAN.

Messrs. JNO. S. WILLIAMS,

B. C. MORRIS,

and others.

JOY DARKENED.



SERMON

PREACHED IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK,

Easter Sunday Morning,

APRIL 16TH, 1865,

BY THE RECTOR.

S E R M O N .

All joy is darkened ; the mirth of the land is gone.

ISAIAH XXIV. 11.

As when one is suddenly plunged from a high and sunny eminence down the steep declivities of an abyss, so, by an abrupt and awful transition, are we this day overwhelmed with sorrow, who but yesterday were waiting to pour forth the cheerful songs of Eastertide.

Did the unchanging sun or stars ever look down upon such a vital, honest, full-hearted outpouring of gladness among any people of any land as was visible throughout the loyal sections of this Republic during the fortnight previous to the evening of that day, just past, on which the Redeemer died, and hung lifeless upon the Cross ? It was a gladness which even the dire events and solemnities of the Holy Week, and the infinite Passion of our Lord, could scarcely temper or restrain. So natural was it, so spontaneous, so irrepressible, so derived from a legitimate source, so

inspired and fed by an adequate occasion, that even the Priests and Ministers of God, standing at His altars, shared in it—caught up, as they were, and borne willingly along upon the tide of the general joy—shared in it, I say, without one fear lest, by so doing, they should add to the grief of their Master, or plant another thorn in His crown. For, it was a gladness which bore the same relation to the Holy Week of the Church that Bethlehem bore to Calvary. It was the sweet and welcome echo of the angelic song: it was the hush of a tempest, and the promise of a golden day; and even as Jesus made peace by the blood of the Cross—even as, by His dying anguish, Mercy and Truth once met together, while Righteousness and Peace kissed each other, so we felt assured that the acclamations of victory would not be out of harmony with the sorrows of the garden, or the torments of the crucifixion, for they were the harbingers of peace; and when, from the pages of the Holy Evangelists, we reviewed from day to day the awful record, and followed Christ from the upper room, where yonder blessed sacrament was first instituted, to Gethsemane, and from Gethsemane to the traitorous arrest, and from the arrest to the Judgment Hall, and from the Judgment Hall to the Cross, and waited there with the infuriate multitude and the weeping Holy Women, until His precious life was wasted, and the last expiring breath only sufficed for the exclamation, “It is finished!” who of us did not almost unconsciously

connect those mournful scenes with our own national experiences, and think of a country betrayed and buffeted, and feel that by a most wonderful coincidence, that country might also, after a bloody sweat and a terrific struggle with malignant powers, hail the purchase of peace, and, looking back upon the sacrifices and devastations of war, cry aloud, "It is finished!" and prepare a glad song for the resurrection morning. To any loyal soul, in such an hour, calmness was impossible; for here was a nation, the youngest and the most highly favored of all upon the surface of our globe, emerging from the furnace of suffering with unimpaired strength—all its energies alive, and its innumerable resources in full play—emerging with scarcely "the smell of fire." Who would not break forth into singing? Who would not cry, all hail! and leap for joy, and hang forth the ensigns of thanksgiving, and shout the doxologies of gratitude and praise?

But tell me, Christian brethren—for you are more in the world, and mingle more with the men of the North than my profession allows me to do—tell me, was there especial bitterness, was there a strong savor of animosity, and sneering, sectional exultation, in these recent demonstrations of joy? Was there a stinging and provoking unkindness manifested—such as was unchristian and would tend to exasperate? You know that oftentimes the alienation which divides the same household is very cruel and implacable—

more so than where indifferent parties are thrown into variance. Was it thus in the late jubilee? Was it rancor? Was it scornful laughter? Did it partake of that spirit which the wicked Jews exhibited around the cross of the Redeemer—taunting Him and mocking Him, derisively calling upon Him to descend and verify His word—Was it thus? Recollect and answer me! I know your reply. It was not. I am not mistaken. The entire *animus* of our late demonstrations, both in word and symbol, was forgiveness and reconciliation. It was thanksgiving to our God that a divided nation was coming together again; that States, rent and belligerent, were to coalesce; that interests separated for a time were to be re-united; that fibres and ligaments of the body politic, cruelly gashed and sundered, were to be brought again into functional and healthy connection—in a word, the joy grew and spread, and became almost frantic, in view of peace after war, fraternity after hostility, union after secession. Yes; Union, upon terms which should be acceptable to all, and humiliating to none!

In the accomplishment of an end so pacific, there was one man; nay, there were many upon the high places of authority and power under the Government, who, while directing the forces of a lamentable strife for which they were not responsible, were still and continually anxious for its termination and for the restoration of a durable peace. But there was *one* especially, who ceased not, day nor night, to work, to

counsel, to exhort in the highest spirit of a pacificator. The longing for unity and the return of brethren to a common center and home, had taken full possession of of him. His face beamed peace. His lips were full of its blessings. The thoughts of his heart were wholly set upon the forgiveness of sins, and the oblivion of wrongs. And when, at the expiration of the fourth year of a deadly, desolating struggle, victory perched upon the banners of the loyal section of this Republic, and it became apparent that the insurgents were unable longer to maintain their ground; when, in fact, they were overborne and compelled to surrender; when the articles of capitulation were signed, and the chief city of their resistance and pride was given up, and utter helplessness and despair overtook them—then appeared among them, in the very capital so long coveted and besieged, around which had been spilled the best blood of the North and the West—then appeared ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the President of these United States, with his heart as all-embracing as the country, and his arms as outstretched for love and good will, as if they had been nailed, like the arms of the dying Lamb of God, to the transverse sections of the Cross. There were those who charged him with inexcusable foolhardiness in thus exposing himself to the designs of a rancorous and humiliated adversary, and he himself, doubtless, must have felt his liability to danger. Nevertheless, he proceeded to Richmond in the very spirit of the great apostle, saying, “None

of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself," and in that conquered city, with meekness, and gentleness, and graciousness of speech unexampled, he claimed for himself but one function, that which belonged to a minister of peace. All he did or said or sanctioned was for one thing—*The restoration of the dissevered family. Pardon, Reconciliation, Union!* He surveyed that half-consumed and desolate city with grief and not with satisfaction; and as he traversed its streets, and looked upon its public buildings and recalled the past, the words he whispered to his secret soul were—amnesty, fraternity, concord, progress, prosperity, a glorious resurrection, and a higher life.

Overflowing with such sentiments, fired with such prospects, hopeful of such results, he returns to the seat of government, with nothing to dampen his ardor or weigh down his patriotic spirit, but an afflictive and well nigh fatal disaster which had befallen his principal and most distinguished counselor, the Secretary of State. This was to the tender and sensitive nature of the President a personal grief, as well as a national calamity. What think you, my brethren, must be the strength of that tie which is created in times like these, which is twisted and made firm by the action and pressure of great events, binding together the eminent men of a nation, especially the members of a Cabinet. I know there may be envyings and emulations and strifes; but in a great crisis inferior and

selfish aims would seem to perish, and the company of a nation's appointed leaders, like the company of the first apostles, should be of one heart and one mind. We behold them in daily communication, earnest and absorbed in their vast responsibility; watching together the vicissitudes to which public affairs are evermore exposed; taking counsel as to decisive measures; determining expedients and plans which shall meet varying circumstances! How close must be the bond! How appalling the mutual interchange and expression of that thought or opinion which is to be transmuted into action and far-reaching results!

Thus, within a few days past, we learned that our President was at the bedside of his chief adviser, not only pouring forth the warm-hearted expressions of condolence, but venturing even to endanger the convalescence of his coadjutor and friend, by his earnest and comprehensive projects for re-union.

His whole soul is bent upon it.

Re-union—re-union, based upon large, magnanimous, magnificent terms. Authority, power, victory, surrender—all means and all advantages shall be used to this end. He will not play the hero or the tyrant. He will not demand an eye for an eye, or a tooth for a tooth. He *will* sheathe the sword. He will furl the banner. He will heal the breach. He will go beyond all precedent and all example in the annals of Time, and speak peaceably to the enemies of his country, and to the conspirators against his lawful rule. When, lo!

he is murdered ! At an hour when with reluctance he shows himself to the people ; when, in the kindness of his heart, he strives to supply the absence of one less familiar in person, but greatly honored and beloved ; when, lost in a momentary forgetfulness to the mighty cares which press upon his brain—he is murdered ! pierced by the bullet of a coward—an unpardonable wretch—whose retributive deservings, whether in this world or the next, can never be exaggerated, any more than those of Cain, or Judas, or Herod.

Our Easter Day has come. Our Emanuel has burst the gates of the grave. But all joy is darkened. How can we sing the Lord's song ? How can we lift up these anthems of gladness ? We go rather to the grave, with Mary, to weep there. Our nation is redeemed. The dawn of peace is spreading upon its mountains, and creeping into its vales, but the Head of our tribes—the pillar of our Republic—lies in the dust, marred and dishonored by traitors.

O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, thou God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself.

Arise, thou Judge of the world, and reward the proud after their deserving.

Lord, how long shall the ungodly, how long shall the ungodly triumph ?

How long shall all wicked doers speak so disdainfully, and make such proud boasting ?

They smite down thy people, O Lord, and trouble thine heritage.

They gather them together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood.

Beloved brethren ! I shall not attempt to alter the

tone, or interrupt the course of that sorrow—that mighty sorrow—which like an irresistible torrent or avalanche, has fallen upon this festival. If you are not indisposed to joyfulness, your preacher is; nay, *you* would close your ears to the sound of my voice, were I to magnify the calendar of the Church, or the holy traditions of our Faith, so as to pass over an event like this, touching, as it does, the life of the Republic, the Church, the World.

And, therefore, as I have reminded you of the large and generous spirit by which our martyred President was governed, let me, also, go farther back and bring to your memories the principle, the general and prevailing sentiment at the North, which has sustained and animated this recent and mournful contest, at the close of which he dies, and is sorrowed over as no other living man could be.

Gazing, as it were, upon his sacred dust, I invoke God, and angels, and good men, to bear witness that the cause for which ABRAHAM LINCOLN lived and died—the general contest which he led on, and at the termination of which he has been so fiendishly sacrificed, was neither a cause or a contest born of Northern hatred, or pursued here with sectional antipathy and venom.

It was a righteous and defensive cause. It was an enforced and inevitable contest. If there has been tribulation and anguish, and garments rolled in blood; if there are desolate places and darkened households

all over this land, let the South be held answerable, and drink from the chalice which she had prepared for the lips of those she had been so long wont to despise and count of no reputation.

Mournful as the struggle has been—deplorable and blasting as every civil war must be, still do I claim for the North, in the sight of Heaven, that it has not been carried on in a spirit of bitterness or revenge.

Go back with me one moment. It is now four years since we of the North were in a so-called prosperous condition. Such prosperity was ruinous, and was tending to our emasculation. It was a prosperity in which the nation said, "I shall never be moved." We were a people absorbed in the pursuit of material gain, and personal preferment; finding our chief pleasure in the selfish gratifications and conventional standards of life; insensibly giving ourselves up to every hardening and debasing influence—to self-seeking, to pride, to luxury—those mischievous evils which suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they torture it not. Such was the *tendency*—not the fact in respect to every individual and community, but the general, national recession from better and manlier days. I do not say that this tendency and recession were wholly mastered and countervailed; but it is an indelible record of history that a sudden change was wrought in the popular mind and temper which defies all parallel. You remember it; you shared in it. Had every star in

heaven been commissioned to utter a prophetic warning; had every wave that broke upon our coast lifted up a shout of alarm; had every breeze caught it, and echoed it westward over the land, the people of the North—the people loving their country and loyal to its Government—could not have been more thoroughly aroused, united, consolidated, and nerved by one overwhelming purpose, than they were in that day and that hour when it was revealed to them that their country could be dishonored, and their Government scorned, even at the mouth of blazing batteries. That was the hour of disenchantment. That broke the dream. That ended the career of carpet knights. That dispelled a thousand fretting, irritating questions and party feuds, which are bred of national plethora and inglorious ease. *The people awoke* to the inestimable value of a Government more just, equal, beneficent than any other ever framed by man.

I recall that day most vividly. I see my fellow-countrymen, in numbers which no man can number, alive with devotion to high principle and the spirit of self-sacrifice; every chord of their nature vibrating with patriotic ardor. I see them suddenly re-inspired by a lesson and a glorious reminiscence, which they had too long forgotten—the reminiscence of their country's purchase—the lesson of her baptism, and nurture, and anguish, and blood. To their honor be it spoken, all classes and conditions of society, are ready for the shock—eager for the sacrifice—prepared

to give—glad to sacrifice—emulous to suffer—holding nothing too sacred—home, heart-tie, life, nothing—nothing too dear or sacred for the rescue of the Republic; while thousands and ten times ten thousands of that gentler sex, whose prayers and sympathies and good works are as essential as the munitions of war, are banded in sacred labors for *The Cause*.

But I inquire again, what was the source and spring of this mighty demonstration? What was sought by these agitated yet united millions of the North? The government which their fathers left them, the laws which their fathers enacted, the Constitution which their fathers framed. They sought these, and nothing more. They sought to preserve a glorious temple which was assailed and threatened with overthrow. They knew what this Temple of the Republic had been upon the soil of the Western continent, and they would not see it desecrated or demolished. It had covered and protected a vast population, gathered from all lands—restless, eager, ardent, free, and rejoicing in their freedom; full of the instincts of a glorious destiny; advancing in a career of civilization, wealth, power, grandeur, hitherto without parallel. Beneath its wide, o'erarching dome, Religion was, for the first time, absolutely free; humanity was throbbing with life; art was unfettered, and science was lifted upon the wings of a ceaseless inspiration. All the elements which should enter into the life of a great people, and prepare them for two worlds—this and the next—

were grandly cherished. It was believed to be in its traditions and in itself a holy temple, whose pillars should be immovable, and not one of whose stones should be thrown down or displaced. God was present at its foundation and aided in its erection, and His glory had been largely concerned in its prosperity. The conflict—the dreadful, desolating struggle—was in defence of this Temple. It was not hatred of the South. It was not even abhorrence of Slavery. It was not a disposition to absorb an undue share of political influence. Nothing of the kind. It was solely to save the Temple. It was to resist a wicked and sacrilegious onslaught of treason and madness. And hence the attitude of the North was justifiable upon the very highest grounds. Defence became an inexorable necessity. War was the only instrument and alternative. War to the last extremity, if need be. Patriotism demanded it. Religion demanded it. The national existence demanded it. An anxious world demanded it—and war it was, organized, persistent, terrible; a grapple for life. But I take this opportunity to declare that in a very high sense this war was a solemnity on the part of loyal States and communities, and was characterized from first to last by a spirit in which the thought of conquest and the thirst for blood had no part. I will not deny that fanaticism (so called) at the North, had adopted plat-forms and uttered words calculated to exasperate Southern feeling and damage Southern institutions

but I do forever disclaim on the part of the North, in the prosecution of this war, the rancor of hate or revenge. It has been a war with which, so far as the Government of the United States is concerned, no other question under heaven has had anything to do but this—*the preservation of the only Constitution under which we wish to live, and the supremacy of this Constitution over the whole land.* This question has been met by a Christian people in the very highest spirit of Christian patriotism, and while the citizens of the South have been charging us with every false motive and with every brutal purpose; while they have refused to see that the war which they commenced has been to us a war of self-preservation; while they have pursued it on their part with infamous atrocities, with fiendish barbarities, regarding no measure of cruelty toward the captured as a blot or a crime, still do I maintain that in the face of these abominations and unspeakable provocations, the men of the North have been merciful, returning good for evil, kindness for scorn, plenty for starvation. The very thought of retaliation in kind has been revolting, and while we have pursued, and overtaken, and conquered the insurgents, and brought them to the dust of surrender and humiliation, we have not done it with a single pulse of vengeance or retaliation beating in a single breast throughout our armies.

This fact will stand out distinctly prominent as a *basso rilievo* in the record of the war, and the history

of the world; and it is this fact which lends terrible force and significance to the event which we bewail this day. After having done infinite despite to our soldiers, they at length have said—"This is the Heir, come, let us kill him." Yes, alas! it is so. The proudest shaft of our glory and our strength is in the dust, and if the lamentations of a nation could be gathered into one voice, that voice would express the amazement and perplexity of a people who did not suppose such a crime *possible* within their borders. Just upon the confines of our national redemption the anointed Leader falls. Who might not have fallen, if he could have survived? But, lo! the catafalque is prepared, and the grave awaits its trust. Let no man charge the Almighty with folly, in permitting this dread and most afflictive dispensation. Let no man regard the Holy One, who inhabiteth Eternity, as the vindictive agent of a great calamity. Shield us, O God, from such impiety! Penetrate us with the conviction of our sins and our deservings; and even beneath this murky and suffocating cloud, let us welcome the lesson which Thou art ever imprinting upon the souls of the children of men--the lessons of wakefulness and self-searching and weanedness from the world!

In this dark and revolting crime, which deprives us of our Head and Chief, I see no occasion for despair. In the thickest entanglements, God will be with us, as He was with our fathers. In the very hour of impending shipwreck I do not believe He will

forsake His people. If there be virtue in the land; if there be faith; if there be honesty, even in the midst of abounding transgression, He will look upon us in mercy, and give us the needful strength of His right hand, and lift us out of six troubles, yea, out of seven, and hang forth upon the blackest night the stars of guidance and of hope. Our cause is, and has been, *just*; eminently just; eternally just. It has been opposed to treason, conspiracy, crime; and although God may not prosper all our instruments, or endorse all our methods, or gratify all our eager and impatient desires, let no man doubt of the end. Lo! it is at hand; we behold it; we hail it. *It is peace; it is Union.* The President is dead. The Republic lives. Into the vacant place the rightful successor enters. Let no one speak to me of the faults or frailties of ANDREW JOHNSON. He is the President of these United States according to the Constitution. He has received our suffrages; he deserves our support. I believe him to be worthy, eminently worthy; and I call on you, my people, to forget every thing, but the dictates of law and loyalty and allegiance. If our Chief Magistrate proves to be unfitted for his station let him be impeached; if equal to his sublime trust let him be sustained. The war is over. The morning light of peace is spreading over the land, and now that we have suffered awhile, descend, O God—stablish—strengthen—settle us.

Order of Services

IN

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK,

Wednesday, April 19th,

THE DAY APPOINTED FOR THE FUNERAL

OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Officiating Clergymen:

REV. WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D. D., RECTOR.

REV. N. S. RICHARDSON, D. D., ASSISTANT.

REV. C. M. PARKMAN, B. D., OF MARYLAND.

UPON entering the chancel the Rector read from the Office for the Burial of the Dead, the passages preceding the committal, beginning, "Man that is born of a woman," &c.

Then followed the anthem, "Lord let me know mine end," &c., the verses of which were alternately read and sung by the Rector and Choir.

The Litany was then said by the Rev. Dr. RICHARDSON, including the discretionary part; at the close of which the Rector offered the prayer appointed for a family in affliction, designating the household of the deceased President; also, the "prayer for a sick person," designating the Secretary of State.

The following hymn was then sung by the choir :

Few are thy days, and full of wo,
 O man, of woman born !
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 "To dust thou shalt return."

Behold the emblem of thy state
 In flow'rs that bloom and die,
 Or in the shadow's fleeting form
 That mocks the gazer's eye.

Determin'd are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head ;
 The number'd hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.

Great God ! afflict not, in thy wrath,
 The short allotted span,
 That bounds the few and weary days
 Of pilgrimage to man.

The Rector, at the conclusion of the hymn, delivered the Address subjoined.

ADDRESS.

It had been my intention, beloved, not to impair the unity of these appointed and moving solemnities with a single word which did not strictly belong to them. A day like this, “a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness,” is best observed when the silence of profound and stunning grief is only broken by supplications and litanies and mournful songs.

Nor will I disturb the harmony of these services by a single false or jarring note. But as this hour is wholly consecrated to subdued and tender recollections, and as we who are gathered here form only a part of one vast funeral assemblage met to honor the lamented dead, let me as it were, in an undertone, dwell for a moment upon his life, so far as it was controlled by the Christian faith, and gave evidence of preparation for that eternity upon which it has entered so abruptly.

I do not believe that our late President, from the date of his earliest moral and intellectual perceptions could have been destitute of religious sentiments and principles. He was of that mould, that natural organization, which, sending its reflective faculty abroad, and studying the great mysteries around, is ever sober and contemplative, even when seemingly most indifferent and light-minded. Thought—living and brooding thought—induction, comparison, and all processes of reasoning, must have been in full play, even at that earlier period of his history when he was chained to the oar of toil and hardship, for he had the same mental apparatus then within him, though undeveloped, that he had of late, when

leading this Republic on to its second dispensation of honor and glory. He was always jocose, genial and unaffected—transparent, and yet piercingly observant—solemnly wise, and hence I doubt not that with all his reserve on religious subjects, and with all that playfulness of character which seemed to repel the suspicion of serious heart-searchings, and personal acquaintance with God, he had profound views of his affinities and obligations and responsibilities, as a man and as an immortal. Of this, at least, we are perfectly assured, that when the shadow of a vast and unmeasurable trust fell upon him, as the chosen ruler of these United States, he turned at once, and in accents never to be forgotten, placed himself under the Divine protection and guidance.

Memorable—memorable words! prophetic, touching words! familiar to you, as they will be to your children and your children's children—let me repeat them at his bier.

“My friends—no one, not in my position, can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me, which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have been successful, except for the aid of Divine providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him. And on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support, and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which, success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell.”

Ah! what an honest, confiding, sublime valedictory was that. What an unfolding of the religious elements in that great man, and yet in the phrase which a little child might use. I know of nothing equal to it, but the parting of Paul, at Miletus, with the Elders of the Church, when he was on his way to Jerusalem, not knowing what should befall him there. Bent on journeys equally perilous, the Apostle and the Presi-

dent, in a like spirit, give utterance to words of tender regret and holy trust and loving benediction. God had laid upon them both an infinite weight of care, and beneath the conscious pressure both of them, beseeching the prayers of their fellows, laid hold upon the strength of God for support. From that point of departure, our late chief magistrate went forth to his mighty cares and responsibilities. You know what they were. You can recall the great waves which rolled in upon him, first from one quarter and then from another! huge billows of perplexity, of reverse, of disaffection, of uncertainty—billows crimsoned with blood, and at times rolling on as if to engulf the last hope of the Republic. But he who had reached his fearful port at the peril of his life, never deserted it, and while he was standing there, the guide, the counselor,—never for one instant terrified, never losing hold or hope, forever vigilant, wakeful to every interest, mindful of every appeal, the least and the greatest,—I say, while he was thus perfectly absorbed by a devotion to the country which has scarcely a parallel, it so happened in the providence of God, that Death climbed up into the windows of the presidential mansion, and did “his work, his strange work.” The happy, bright-faced son of the President was dead and buried! And the wheels of government revolved as before, and the laboring Ship of State rolled on, and the sleepless pilot stood at the helm, as before, and sounded the watch day and night, and not one in a million of those whose lives and whose estates and whose national honor were concerned, gave a thought to the anguish of him who had watched and lamented, and wept convulsively above a dying child, and gone almost heart-broken to the grave. But “time is the beautifier of the dead” and the healer of those wounds, which, when fresh, seem almost immedicable; and, in the revived, and almost exuberant spirits of the President, the last trace of domestic affliction seemed to have departed. Great cares, great changes, critical events, impending and decisive strokes of policy, engrossed not only the chief, but the loyal people. It was in the midst of such a tempest of activities and perplexities, that he was one day called upon by a patriotic and truly Christian

citizen—a man of note and influence, who desired a conference in respect to matters of the general weal. The interview was about to terminate most satisfactorily, when the visitor, fastening an anxious glance upon the President, said to him: “Sir, there is one question which I strongly desire to put to you, and yet I hesitate. I have marked your course and been persuaded that you were sustained in your difficult position by Divine grace. May I presume to ask if you look to the Lord Jesus Christ and love Him and lean upon Him for counsel and strength?”

The President, with his habits of reserve, was for a moment disturbed, but recovering himself and looking his friend steadily in the face, replied, “I do. Yes. I do; not as I ought—not with the full surrender of heart, perhaps, which He deserves; but I cling to Him, and have hope in His mercy. When my boy died sometime ago, and personal grief was added to official perplexity and toil, especially after that scene on the battle-plain of Gettysburgh, I turned, as I had never done before, and took the hand, and clasped the hopes, the consolations, the promises of the Redeemer. In the midnight of national and household affliction I was soothed and comforted by the sustaining presence of Christ, and since that time I have found Him a present help in time of trouble.

“‘The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life’s vicissitudes, the more
Have fixed my heart in Heaven.’”

At an hour like this, beloved, it is something of an assuagement that our great Leader and Father, although taken from us so suddenly, and at a moment so unlooked for, and by means so revolting, was not unprepared. The discipline of sorrow had wrought its work. You yourselves must all have been struck with the deep religious tone which has pervaded all his recent communications with the American people; while his last inaugural must abide forever as an utterance more thoroughly and tenderly imbued with the spirit of the

Holy Scriptures than any which ever fell from the lips of a public man. Yes ; God has been ripening His servant for a higher sphere. Having served his generation faithfully, having saved his country, and won for himself an immortal name, too soon for us, but not for himself, he has entered into rest. He has fallen asleep in Jesus—"Blessed sleep ; from which none ever wake to weep."

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD,  WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

The address being ended, the CXXXth Psalm was sung as a prayer, all the congregation kneeling :

PSALM CXXX. *De Profundis.*

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord ;
Lord, hear my voice.

O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord,
who may abide it ?

For there is mercy with thee ; therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for him ; in his word is my
trust.

My soul fleeth unto the Lord, before the morning watch ; I say, be-
fore the morning watch.

O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy ; and
with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his sins.

The Rev. Mr. PARKMAN then read the concluding prayers in the Burial Service, after which the Rector pronounced the benediction.

As the congregation slowly retired, the choir sang the following words—the air being “The Dead March in Saul:”

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest Saint, till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O Earth, His sovereign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

THE PROLONGED LAMENT.

S E R M O N

PREACHED IN ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, NEW YORK,

ON THE

1st Sunday after Easter,

APRIL 23d, 1865,

BY THE RECTOR.

SERMON.

And all the people wept again over him.—II SAM. III. Chap. 34th v.

It is a happy circumstance, Dear Brethren, that the bitterness of human grief is not, and cannot be perpetual. Were it otherwise, all personal and private activities would languish, and even the grander movements of the world would pause. The affairs of state would be arrested. Enterprise, philanthropy, progress, touched by the dreadful paralysis, would droop ; and the Church of God, disconsolate, would sit at the foot of the cross, unmindful of the open sepulchre, and unable to join in the songs of the Resurrection. Hence it is a blessed economy that our sorrows are not everlasting, and that the days of our mourning come to an end. The cloud is thick for a moment, and then the light of the sun breaks through to assuage and cheer. The assured compensations of faith, and hope, and Heaven sustain the believer, while the

worldling goes about the streets, weaving a new web of happiness, and laying hold upon objects which lead on to oblivion of the past. Thus cheerfulness preponderates, and although individuals are smitten, and households are borne down by affliction, and infinite unimaginable sorrows are encountered here and there, the prevailing aspect of life and society continues to be buoyant, exultant, almost ecstatic.

It happens, however, at wide intervals of time, that a day of great tribulation comes, when grief is not so easily suppressed—when it abides and breaks forth afresh—when it grows, and assumes larger proportions the longer it is contemplated, and although allayed, still returns and demands the privilege of another tribute, another lamentation, another outburst of tears.

Such a continuous grief ensued upon the death of Abner, the son of Ner, alluded to in my text. He was a man of eminence and unquestioned valor, but not of exalted character, and had come to the court of David to arrange the terms of a covenant in opposition to the House of Saul. Under the pretence of a just revenge, Joab, the King's captain, beguiled him into a lonely place, as if to speak with him quietly, and suddenly stabbed him through the heart, so that he fell and died on the spot. Whatever motive prompted the act, it was horrible and indefensible, and the moment the King heard of it he was overwhelmed with anguish, and cried aloud, "I and my kingdom are guiltless forever before the Lord,

from the blood of Abner, the son of Ner." This particular disclosure of David's greatness, may not have arrested you before, my friends, but it surely justifies that favor in which God held him. The death of Abner, a guest at his court, by the hand of an assassin, filled him with horror—not so much because a great man had fallen—as because the manner of his death was so unspeakably atrocious, and so damaging and disgraceful to his kingdom. It was a damned spot—a stealthy piece of bloodguiltiness which he desired to disown and efface as soon as possible. And no sooner had he washed his hands of it, and called God to witness that neither he nor his kingdom were in anywise implicated, than he turned and poured forth an imprecation upon the assassin, which I scarcely dare repeat, so terrible is it—so desolating, so enduring. It marks and proclaims the better spirit of Christianity that such an awful curse could not be uttered now, even by the most unsanctified and embittered lip, for David—the man after God's own heart—held the assassin of Abner in such horror, that he said, "Let the guilt of this murder rest on the head of Joab, and on all his father's house; and let there not fail or be absent from the house of Joab, one that has a foul disease, or that is a leper, or that is crippled, or that is a suicide, or that lacketh bread." It was a dreadful curse, entailing upon his children and children's children, the worst evils that can befall humanity. I cannot but think that there was passion mingled with it, but it shows

us at least, how the assassin was regarded by the best men of ancient times.

Abner being dead, the next thing was his funeral—his obsequies. There were reasons why Joab the murderer could not be arrested and punished, and no one understood these reasons better than David himself, and, accordingly, he was allowed to be at large. But in ordering the last offices, the King still took every opportunity to make the murderer feel the enormity of his crime. Turning to Joab and the people that were with him, he said, “Rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn before Abner.” And it is moreover recorded that when the procession moved King David himself followed the bier.

Can you call up that scene, dear friends? The Monarch of Israel—once the Bethlehemite, the son of Jesse, the chosen of God, the human progenitor of our Lord, following the corpse of a man, not for the reason that he loved him so well, but because that within his realm, at his court, he had been assassinated! He felt the infinite disgrace, and, to mark his sense of it, leads the funeral procession. And when they reached the place of burial, the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave of Abner, and all the people wept. And the king lamented over Abner, and said, “Died Abner as a fool dieth (i. e., unregarded, unpitied, unrevenged)?” Did he yield himself up; was he captured and overcome? No. As a man falleth among wicked men, so fellest thou, by perfidy and stealth;

by the hands of a coward. "And all the people wept again over him."

My brethren, if in ages long past, in ages long preceding the advent of Jesus Christ, and the civilization to which His gospel gave birth, the work of an assassin could thus be reprobated; if the death of a man not specially entitled to public confidence or esteem, could thus be deplored because his death was a national dishonor; if king and subjects could be so penetrated with regret and sorrow, as to pay him distinguished honors, and attend him to his grave, and weep there, and as the recollection of the shameful stab was forced upon them, break forth into tears again, shall it be to us a matter of wonder or astonishment, that we behold on every hand the emblems of a mourning and a universal lamentation such as is without parallel in the history of the world?

Consider, I pray you, that we are living in the nineteenth century, in an age of culture and refinement, when vast and untold efforts and influences have been put forth to elevate the public mind, to enlighten the public conscience, to regenerate and sanctify the public heart. Consider all the circumstances and historic associations which have made this nation one of the foremost in the aspirations and enterprises of goodness and righteousness and truth.

Consider its recent struggle; its terrific sacrifice for the preservation of law and unity and universal liberty. Consider all this, and then tell me, if it is to

be counted a strange thing that we are amazed, stupefied, horror-struck, when the intelligence leaps forth upon the lightning and spreads to every point far and near, proclaiming the sudden and baleful assassination of our Head—our Leader—may I not say, our Saviour?

Is it strange, I ask, that the people of the land, shaking off the horror and stupefaction of the first announcement of such a catastrophe, should mourn and weep; and upon every recurring mention of the awful deed, should weep again; and upon every returning memory of the beloved dead, should weep again; and upon every thought of his wisdom and honesty should weep again; and upon every allusion to his gentleness and peace-loving nature should sob and break forth convulsively again. Is it strange that the outraged and wounded majesty of this Christian Republic should follow his bier, as David followed Abner; or that the august procession attending the illustrious dead, should find their path wet with honest tears; their ears filled with honest lamentations; their eyes greeted with tokens of mourning which drape the earth, as the clouds of November drape the sky.

No, it is not strange. It would be strange if the land did *not* mourn, and the people were not disconsolate;—for a man approved of God and venerated by his countrymen; a man who led them across the desert and through the wilderness, and who had come with them to the borders of the promised land, is struck

down, and shall no more arise, until the trumpet of the resurrection sounds, and the dead hear the voice of the Son of Man.

He was "great in mouth of wisest censure," for he was simple, unpretending, transparent, honest, in the high places of his power. He bore his honors meekly, though they came thick upon him. And because he was good, and carried no malice or unkindness in his heart, and loved all men, and longed for peace, and was resolved to pursue it—*therefore was he exposed, and therefore is he dead.*

Borne on to burial by that procession to which I have alluded, his remains will be with us to-morrow. They will be received and guarded by loving hearts. That martyred corse will be honored as no earthly potentate was ever honored. That wounded head will be gazed at through a tearful mist of tenderness, such as never invested any head that wore a kingly crown; and ten thousands who wept a week ago, will weep again over him. It is well.

But, my friends, let not the dust of our dead Chief Magistrate be to us only an occasion for deep emotion. Let it not furnish us only with the opportunity for a magnificent demonstration of our love. Let it, rather, speak to us as to undying men, and teach us solemn lessons.

Out of every such period of disquietude and shuddering alarm, we should gather the practical benefits of our Holy faith, and grow strong and wise in

the midst of terrifying disorder. In the mystery of His providential dealing with us, God approaches with noiseless tread. He disappoints every plan, baffles every precaution, deviates from every human rule, mocks every mortal expectation. He permits the moral foundations of the world to be turned from their course. The extremes of good and evil, of innocence and guilt, of justice and oppression, are confounded. The righteous perish; the upright are troubled; the guilty prosper; the feeble bear the heavy yoke; the strong go free, so that a faithless spirit might exclaim, Where is the harmony of this visible system? It is mysterious to our intellects; it mocks and bewilders our senses! And yet, to the child of God, it is precisely at such a time, and under such a discipline of evils and perplexities that blessings manifold are disclosed, if he will seize them and lay them to heart. God will not explain that overshadowing calamity which bows the nation to the earth in bitter lamentation, but he requires us to improve it, nevertheless, in all meekness and humbleness of mind, and I entreat you, beloved, to do so.

Now, there could be no more favorable moment than this, when we are so tried and discomfited, for the nurture of *self-control*, or for the exercise of Christian calmness, and serene trust in God. I speak upon the supposition that you have clasped the promises of our Heavenly Father in Jesus Christ, and that your confidence in His wisdom and justice is as firm as the

pillars of His throne. The pagan may be indifferent and callous. He may be a fatalist or a philosopher, whose business it is to die unto emotion. His smile and his passiveness are both the offspring of despair. I look for no such quality in the Christian character. The disciple of Christ is one who, finding himself in a scene of difficulty and hardship, perceives the evils which surround him; realizes intensely that they are evils—evils not easily borne—evils which disturb his mind and ruffle his temper, and wound his sensibilities, and give to his whole outward life the complexion of uncertainty and conflict. He sees it, and feels it; but having cast his anchor within the veil; having a good, ultimate issue before his eyes; satisfied that there is no danger; assured that all is safe—*God being upon the Throne*—he adapts himself to his lot. He thinks chiefly of his duty; attends mainly to his work, and amidst the whirl of things, and all the shocks, and unforwarned events which overtake him, there he is; troubled, perhaps, but not cast down; startled, but not overthrown; amazed, but never in doubt; weeping, but never murmuring; holding on his way, through tempest and sunshine, doing what is right and proper, in every case and under every condition; bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. Oh, his strong feeling has not vanished, but his stronger faith holds him fast; and as the years of his pilgrimage come and depart, bringing with them new trials and bearing away old ones, there he is, more

patient, more cheerful, more self-possessed, stronger of heart and hope, though the storm may roar louder, and the road may be rougher to his feet.

Another benefit which should ever result to the Christian in times of great perplexity like these, is that of introspection—searching of the heart and life. If extraordinary judgments descend, if revolting and baffling atrocities are permitted to take place, *sin* is the bitter source always and everywhere. But for sin, no spot “from the river to the ends of the earth” would be touched by the blasting of the breath of the Divine displeasure; no wild tumult would arise, no cry of anguish would pierce the heavens. So divinely gentle is the Father of all flesh; that when He contends with man, it is only to correct. When nations tremble, sin attracts the stroke. When Republics mourn, sin invites the chastisement. When communities are desolated, God is dealing with sin; *that* is the adversary, and hence, when disaster and desolation are sweeping the earth, flashing from point to point, touching the high and the low, the Christian will sit in judgment on his own soul, and with the piercing consciousness of a drowning man, will review himself with an intense scrutiny. He will tear off the mask and question himself with rigor—what sin possesses me? What secret fault is hiding within? Is it self-love, self-worship, envy, ingratitude? Is it in the heart, or the imagination, or the will? Is it in the tongue, or the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life? “Try me, O God,

and seek the ground of my heart ; prove me, and examine my thoughts."

A third benefit which should accrue to the Christian, in the bosom of this world's changes, is a proper estimate of life, as to its work and duration. He sees, and who that is living upon this stage of being can fail to see, that all things are speeding as on lightning wing. Time is but a passage—a flight of opportunities, of hopes, of plans, of enjoyments, of sorrows. There is none abiding, no certainty, no security. The cord which binds him to this shifting scene may be severed in a moment ; disease may breathe upon him ; some floating atom may rankle in his vitals, some stealthy assault may cut off his days, and end every work and device which occupied him under the sun. Like the dew on the grass, life is exhaled in an instant. Like the vapor, the cloud, the dream, it is gone. In so brief and fleeting a state, then, the believer is assured that life must be action—earnest, direct, practical. He will not scan too closely the system in which he is placed for a time, or ponder too minutely the road over which he is traveling. He will not be dismayed at every tumult, or despond at every untoward event. He will not mistake the ante-room for the room, or make too much of the bustle and noise of this preparatory state, but in his allotment he will act with a high purpose and an unfaltering trust ; act as one about to depart, and with much to accomplish ; act in the spirit of him who said "The time is short, it

remaineth that both they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, for the fashion of this world passeth away."

Lastly, a fourth benefit which the Christian should derive from these agitations and appalling events of Time, is a quickened and more ardent longing for approaching, endless relief in the Eternity of God. So long as he remains upon earth how can he escape from apprehensions lest he may be led astray or fall. It is vain to look for a discharge in this war of life. There must be tribulations, anxieties, terrors. The Cross must be borne, and the discipline of a varied, heart-breaking experience accepted. How animating, therefore, is the sublime persuasion that peace—high, unchanging, ecstatic peace, will succeed when this probation is over;—that hope, breathless, panting, contending with ten thousand fears, will at length reach its goal, and lay hold upon its crown. Rest! Oh the sweet significance of that word, as applied to him, our great and good leader, whom God has dismissed to Paradise. *Rest!* I think of his cares, his responsibilities, his ceaseless strain of mind and heart. I think of a nation fastening its eye upon him, and demanding from him wisdom, and discretion and ghostly strength. I think of his deeper and tenderer life, so troubled by sorrows which are new every morning, and by sounds of anguish which would not cease with the day; the clamor and the misery which he was expected to hush

and assuage ; and then I remember that it is all over, and that he is at rest. Even so, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors. Well may evangelists cry, “Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,” and souls, already martyred like St. Paul’s, desire to depart. Well may we wait and watch for the voice which shall say to the least of God’s children, “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away ; for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; Come with me from Lebanon, look from the top of Hermon unto the everlasting hills, and to the eternal years.”

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